

Evening Ledger

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PHILADELPHIA, MONDAY, JULY 19, 1915.

Future delights seem farther away than past joys.

The Gaddy at Work

IN ALL this uncertain war there seems to be nothing so fortuitous as the relations of America and Germany. Between the difficulties of communication, the varying and alien tempers of the two countries and the speeches of Mr. Bryan to hypnotized audiences and to Mr. Dumba, the natural antagonism of interests set up by the favorable situation on the Allies on the high seas has been fanned hither and thither, now hot, now cold, in a way that makes for no sort of mutual understanding.

Secretary Lansing's account of a communication to Great Britain, demanding the application of the rules of international law to American cargoes now in prize court, would undoubtedly have done much toward a better understanding between Germany and America, especially as it came on top of promises from the German Admiralty of more respect for life at sea and on top of well-meant attempts by Ambassador Bernstorff to read a more pacific and conciliatory meaning into the last German Note.

But these moves toward a mutual understanding were very successfully overshadowed by the news of the attack on the Orduña. The attempt to torpedo without warning and the actual shelling of a passenger ship, an America-bound ship, a ship carrying neither ammunition nor contraband in any form, naturally aroused new indignation. The most unfortunate part of the whole affair, however, was that paper after paper treated this attack as a direct refutation of Germany's conciliatory attitude during the last week, as a new defiance, as something that threw all chance of harmony to the winds.

Back Up the Chamber of Commerce
IF PHILADELPHIA'S Councilmen are as progressive and as anxious to advance the prosperity and good name of this city as the Chamber of Commerce, an adequate convention hall, centrally located, will soon be under way to take shape for the prospective Republican National Convention next year.

Let Not Americans worry over the place the part it has played in this world war. While we are trying to maintain strict neutrality and to keep out of "entangling alliances" our sympathy for suffering and our efforts to relieve it have been wide. On top of the achievement of feeding starving Belgium our country has rendered the most conspicuous service in checking the ravages of typhus fever in Serbia.

Human; All Too Human
BEFORE things began to hum, women and war were supposed by a good many anti-militarists to partake of an inherent, divine and salutary antithesis. They were the corrective to man's pugnaconic predilections. If women had the say—

Another Blankenburg Record
GOOD works gather momentum. In the last months of the Blankenburg Administration a hundred fine results of honesty and efficiency are piling up. Now more than ever before, the voter can get a just measure of what good government can do for Philadelphia.

THE WEAKNESS OF ANNAPOLIS

Professor Fiske, of Columbia, Says the Naval Academy is Handicapped by Its Inability to Employ Enough Up-to-date Professors.

"DOPE SHEETS," with answers to the "approaching examination questions," given out in advance, and easy access to the department offices at Annapolis, as revealed in the Naval Academy Inquiry now under way, have directed criticism not only toward the cadets, but toward the faculty for complicity on their part in the system.

Some 18 or 20 graduates of Annapolis are sent to Columbia every year for advanced work in the higher mathematics, electrical engineering, wireless telegraphy, ballistics, etc., and as many more are sent to Massachusetts Institute of Technology in Boston for work in a course in naval construction.

Discussing the question of why it should be necessary to send the navy men away from Annapolis for their most advanced work, Professor Thomas Scott Fiske, administrative head of the department of mathematics at Columbia, said to a representative of the Evening Ledger:

"The United States Naval Academy at Annapolis and the Military Academy at West Point can never hope to secure the services of teachers of great distinction in the scientific world until they can offer those teachers dignified conditions of service. It would be impossible for a teacher of the highest scientific ability and reputation to accept a teaching position in either institution under the conditions existing today.

"One of the crying needs of the country is that the Government should undertake the education of military and naval engineers of a higher type than they are now prepared to turn out.

Teachers Wink at Fraud
"Of the unfortunate results of the present situation is that the teaching staff have come to wink at practices among the students in preparing for their examination that would be disapproved and immediately prohibited in the best colleges. If what we read in the papers is reliable the teachers themselves put into the 'dope sheets' circulated among the students the answers to the very questions they intend to ask in the approaching examination. The motive, of course, would be to bring the number of men in their classes able to pass up to a higher average.

"England and France and other nations have solved satisfactorily the problems here involved, and some of the greatest scientific men in the world hold professorships in the great military and naval colleges of those countries. The head of the Royal Artillery College at Woolwich, England, is Sir Alfred George Greenhill. He was nothing but an ordinary professor of mathematics in the Ordnance College to start with, but the British Government knighted him in recognition of his services to the country; the young British artillery officers feel that it is an honor to be permitted to study under such a man. By this policy of recognizing and conferring prestige upon her great scientific men, England is able to secure their services for her army and navy. The United States Government could never hope to get a man of that sort, one with a world-wide reputation, to accept a position in her military and naval academies. But England can.

Handicap of Civilian Professors
"Of the most distinguished mathematicians connected with any of the educational institutions of the Government is Professor William Woolsey Johnson, who has been a civilian professor at the Naval Academy since 1891. He has never received any recognition from the Government, has never been accorded any official prestige, and now, when he is an old man over 70, he is forced to go on teaching past the age when he ought to retire, because the Government refuses to pension him. Unless a bill has been passed in his favor very recently there is absolutely no provision made for his old age. When some of us tried to get a bill through for him not long ago we were refused on the ground that it would create an unfortunate precedent, and would commit the Government to a policy of pensioning its civilian employes. On the other hand, the Carnegie Foundation to whom we appealed refused to include the civil employes of the Military and Naval Academies on their list on the ground that it would be encouraging the Government to neglect its duties.

"Our Government has set a precedent, however, in its recognition of the late Simon Newcomb, who was director at the Naval Observatory at Washington, and who, in recognition of his great services, as one of the greatest scientists of his time, was given a rank equal to that of a captain in the navy. Since his death other civilians at the Naval Observatory in Washington have been given rank in the navy. But mark this—the thing that helped Professor Newcomb to his recognition was the fact that he also held a professorship at Johns Hopkins University and a separate salary. This gave him a certain strategic independence in his dealings with the Government.

"The trouble, of course, is primarily due to the jealousy of the army and navy officers who hold the high positions in these academies, and are jealous of any recognition of outsiders, and regard them all as interlopers. These army and navy officers were themselves graduated from their studies some 20 or 25 years ago, and have not kept up with the newest thought and discoveries and research in the scientific world."

Helping the Harmony

HE MIGHT have picked out a kinder time to break the news. "The Hon. William S. Vare, Congressman from the 1st District of Pennsylvania, whose ballistics is virtually South Philadelphia," shouldn't have let the cat out of Mr. Lennon's bag until Jim McNichol had enjoyed a little of his prospective vacation at the Cleveland trotting races. The Senator might have had to stay over and rehearse his Harmony Quartet again.

It is hard to say what elements of Philadelphia read Mr. Lennon's editorial with the most interest. Those of a literary, even oratorical, turn of mind searched it with wondering eyes. Early business opponents of Congressman Vare must have found a particular fascination in the sentence: "Before his entrance into politics he had exhibited a capacity for the details of business, which is to this day a treasured recollection of those with whom he dealt."

But of all that scholarly plea for sectionalism in city politics, no portion can have attracted the interest of the best and the worst elements of Philadelphia so sharply as the following:

Looked at from whatever angle chosen, he is the so-called "logical" candidate, the type of man needed to handle the tremendous municipal problems which await solution.

Estimating the thoughts of such a one as Jim McNichol is no simple or salubrious matter; but it is safe to say that the contractor-Senator thinks those "tremendous municipal problems" might be more profitably handled by somebody nearer home than Washington and South Philadelphia. Nor does that "faculty of quickly seeing details," which Mr. Lennon parades, commend itself to a rival of brother-contractor "Ed."

As for Philadelphia's reaction to this matter of a solver for "tremendous municipal problems," it is something very like the smile which illumines the face of the commuter who reads that sign along the Reading: "Edwin H. Vare, Largest Street Cleaning Contractor in the World. Underground Conduit Department."

There is, however, one time when the public values that "judgment amounting almost to prescience," which Mr. Lennon attributes to the South Philadelphia Congressman. That is the time when the gang is after "harmony." Philadelphia can stand a lot more of it. It can stand enough to bring about another tragic-comedy such as Congressman Vare enacted in 1911.

A Scholar and an Athlete

NO THOSE grouchy persons who think that scholarship and athletics cannot thrive in the same body we commend Norman Taber. Here is a youth who was a Phi Beta Kappa man at Brown University, is now a Rhodes scholar at Oxford, and last week crowned these achievements by running the fastest mile on record by professional or amateur.

Not only did he lower the previous world's amateur record of 4 minutes 14.2 seconds, made by John Paul Jones, of Cornell, also a scholar and an athlete, but he lowered by three-thirtieths of a second the world's professional record of 4 minutes 12.4 seconds made 29 years ago in London by W. G. George.

Overindulgence in athletics at the expense of scholarship is becoming more and more a myth in the college world. It is an abuse which may be controlled by the proper sort of faculty supervision. Indeed, it is a question if our faculties are not a little unfair to the athletes, because in most universities the athlete must carry fewer conditions than the nonathletic student.

Young men like Taber are a credit to this nation, whether as scholars or as athletes.

Our Part in the War

LET NOT Americans worry over the place the part it has played in this world war. While we are trying to maintain strict neutrality and to keep out of "entangling alliances" our sympathy for suffering and our efforts to relieve it have been wide. On top of the achievement of feeding starving Belgium our country has rendered the most conspicuous service in checking the ravages of typhus fever in Serbia.

Europeans have paid tribute to the timely and effective steps America took when war-ridden Serbia was dying with 300,000 typhus cases, and which Sir Thomas Lipton said "has made America beloved by all Serbians, from the King to the lowest peasant." Feeding the starving and healing the sick is certainly a nobler thing than helping to spread the ravages of war.

HOW MEXICO MUST FEEL

From the Portland Argus
The small boy who eats green apples knows how poor Mexico must feel with the disagreeing factions rioting within her borders.

WISHING

I've only but to bend my head To see the Western skies grow red Beyond the home I used to know, And hear the gentle cattle low. As they come to the pasture bars, And see the vanguard of the stars Come dimly into the pale sky, And hear the whippoorwill's sad cry, And feel the all-pervading love Of the old home I wearied of.

And I have but to close my eyes To hear my mother's lullabies, And feel myself grow young again; And be a boy as I was then, With cotton line and silver pole Beside the old-time fishing hole, Neglecting line and hook and bait, And sitting till the hour grows late, A little figure all alone, Wishing and wishing I were grown, That poor, pathetic little lad! With all on earth to make him glad, Waiting with longing for the years Of disappointment and of tears! The years are good, the tasks to do, The chance to stand straight, strong and true, Head up for all you thought worth while, To meet life's tasks with a smile, But I think grows old now and then All with that year you came again.

THE LIPS OF THE ORACLE ARE DUMB

Reminiscences of St. Clair McKelway, Who Abandoned the Bar for the Tripod and Made Brooklyn Journalism Famous—His Philadelphia Brother Gave Him Loyal Legion Button.

By GEORGE W. DOUGLAS.

"THERE are two kinds of journalism, namely, journalism and Brooklyn journalism, and the latter is an acquired taste."

This epigram, delivered at a dinner in New York by St. Clair McKelway, editor of the Brooklyn Eagle, was greeted with appreciative laughter by the guests.

The distinction of Mr. McKelway, who has just died, is that he acquired the taste and then made Brooklyn journalism distinguished. He belonged to a later generation than Greeley and Dana and Raymond, but he had the dominating personality that characterized these men, and he still believed in the power and importance of the editorial page in making the character of a newspaper.

He devoted his time and his energy to that page, and was in the habit of writing from one to two columns a day. I have said "writing."

He did not write, but dictated his articles to an expert typewriter, who reproduced them directly on the machine without the intervention of shorthand notes. I have seen him walking up and down his room declaiming as if before an audience, gesticulating and ending a rhetorical period with a shout of triumph. The emotion which he put into this sort of composition was so strong that it saturated his words and reproduced in the reader the feeling that inspired them. I have seen him so moved that the tears filled his eyes as he poured forth a procession of sentences filled with an appeal to the noblest sentiments of the electorate.

He was born in Missouri, but he was educated in New Jersey, chiefly by private tutors in Trenton, where he lived with his grandfather, while his father was engaged as a surgeon in the Civil War. He did some writing for the Trenton newspapers, and, as he grew older, he took an interest in politics. He studied law and was admitted to the bar, but he never practiced.

Delivering Frelinghuysen's Speech

One of his favorite stories is how he campaigned New Jersey with Senator Frederick T. Frelinghuysen. He was reporting the political meetings for a New York paper going from town to town with the speakers. Frelinghuysen was late in arriving at one meeting, and McKelway, who was known to the committee, was asked to fill in the time. He consented, and thought that he could not do better than to tell the crowd what the announced speaker would have told them. He had heard Frelinghuysen's speech every night for a week or two, and he knew it as though it were his own. So he launched forth. When he was about half way through Frelinghuysen came in. He was in the middle of an argument, and he kept on until he had made the point. But before he stopped he noticed that Frelinghuysen suddenly sat up in his chair with a look of astonishment and then leaned back with an amused smile. McKelway offered to withdraw, but the crowd shouted, "Go on! Go on!" and Frelinghuysen insisted that he should continue. He finished the speech.

Best Speech of the Bunch

There was a time when he was one of the most popular after-dinner speakers in New York. But he had to give up going to public dinners because it was impossible for a man to work all day and then talk all night. The popular, if profane, estimate of him as a speaker was expressed by an Irishman after attending a mass-meeting in the Brooklyn Academy of Music, held to denounce some political chicanery.

AMUSEMENTS

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE

CHRISTY AND TWELFTH STREETS

BELLE BLANCHE

POPULAR PRIMA DONNA IMPERSONATOR

"GALTY DIVERTISSEMENT" BOWERS, WALKER, TERRY & CROCKER. OLD HOMESTEAD DOUBLES

QUARTETTE: MARY MELVILLE, OTHERS

THE Stanley

MARKET ST. ABOVE 10TH

11 A. M. TO 11 P. M.

GRAND

OPERA HOUSE, HAYES & CO. SAYS

GRAND



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It is not a bad sign that Secretary Lansing shows, like President Wilson, a disposition to think things out alone before talking about them. Successful government by the people depends quite as much on thinking as on talking.—Springfield Republican.

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